

# THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

FIFTEENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1899.

NUMBER 27.

SPENCER COOPER,  
Owner and Editor.

The Oldest, Most Popular, Most Widely Circulated and Most Quoted Paper in the Kentucky Mountains.

\$1.00 PER YEAR,  
Always in Advance.

## MISTAKES OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

The Policy of the President Questioned About a Variety of Measures.

Ex-Senator Reagan, of Texas, gave it as his opinion before the U. S. Senate commission, that public ownership of railroads would destroy the republic! He is the man whom the foolish people of Texas elevated to their highest position, and who faithfully served the railroads while they skinned the cotton planters and every body else. He rides on passes, is therefore opposed to public ownership which would make him pay his fare like other people. Yes, there is hardly a doubt that public ownership of railroads would destroy the country! To have the people own something instead of having the corporations own everything, would be too awful a condition to contemplate! To have all the millions that have made a lot of millionaires go into the public treasury, or remain in the people's pocket by lowering the rates, would bring on a reign of terror, sure! It has been government by such people as Reagan that has produced the crop of trusts that are gobbling all the wealth of the nation. If the railroads were public property the senators would not get thousands of dollars for their votes in aid of the railroad magnates' law. Hence the fear of the Reagans.

In the past year 6,619 U. S. soldiers met death—less than 1,000 in battle and nearly 6,000 by malignant fevers. Of those who were discharged, many are ruined by disease. This is the price of war. How much better it would be to have them employed by the government at home building more beautiful homes, making more and better clothing, creating more and purer food, and giving more and higher entertainment for the people. But that would be anarchy! It seems that people look with disgust on any people being usefully employed by the government, but to be uselessly or destructively employed is glorious! If the people who make war were the ones who had to do the fighting and pay the expenses, wars would cease, but so long as dupes can be wheeled out of the expense while others make millions, wars will go on. This country has not yet tasted what it is slated to taste in the way of wars and war taxes. It is coming yet so the dullest must feel and protest.

How long do you think the present concentration of wealth can go on putting untold millions into the hands of schemers? How long will it be until no small fellow can do business of any kind? If the trusts keep gathering millions will they not at some time have all the wealth and all the other people have none? If the wealth of the nation is 75 billions, and these 600 trusts gather in that amount of wealth, where do the other fellows come in? Are they not now gathering at a rate that will not soon amount to that sum total? Is there anything that you can see that indicates that the game they are playing will not continue, gathering force as it goes? What business, except one of these, is prosperous? What line of business can you map out today for a boy that promises other than a dreary salary for one of these combines, even if he is sure of a job with them?

The son of Ex-Senator Logan was killed in the Philippines and the body was ordered home in pomp and at great expense to the people. Why not the bodies of other mothers' sons? Was he of finer clay? Why are "sons of their fathers" so much more considered? How long will men be foolish enough to fight and die when they are no more considered than the horses? Logan and his son have been kept at the public expense for a generation, the

mother draws a princely pension, while so far as history tells us they have done nothing for the people out of whose sweat they draw the honey of labor. I believe in a system that would treat all alike, that would pension men and women who had served in the industries of the nation as well as those who had served in the destructive forces of the nation—better in fact. One has produced wealth and the other has only destroyed wealth.



Another Protected Trust.

Protection has made the borax trust a profit of \$800,000 a year and has cost the consumers of the United States more than \$500,000.

The Pacific Coast Borax Company owns all the mines in this country and works only a part of them to keep down the supply.

This company sells borax in England for 3½ cents a pound, but notwithstanding the saving in transportation expenses sells the same commodity in this country for 7½ cents a pound.

There is a protective tariff on borax of 5 cents a pound and the people are forced to pay that tax not to the government but to the borax trust.

That such a tax is not necessary in order that the borax company may make money has been proved by the fact that under the Wilson tariff it kept right on in business and was forced to increase its production by the enlarged demand.

But the borax king, F. M. Smith, got a protective tariff of 5 cents a pound on the product inserted in the Dingley tariff bill and as a result his company is making an annual profit of nearly \$1,000,000.

No wonder the trusts are all in favor of McKinley and the retention of the Republican party in power. The plain people who have to pay this entirely unnecessary tax should use every energy in 1900 to overthrow the friends of monopoly and to replace them with men who have the interests of the masses at heart.—Chicago Democrat.

### Administrators' Notice.

All persons having claims against the estate of the late Samuel Moore, deceased, are hereby notified that they must present them to me for settlement on or before Saturday, the 27th day of January, 1900, at the office of Squire John D. Rose, on Lacy creek, Wolfe county, Ky., or they will be barred.

JACK MILLER,  
Administrator.

Job work done at this office.

Office of

T. CASKEY

STAVES,  
TIES,  
STATE,  
County, and  
School \*\*\*  
Claims.

Dealer in

COUNTRY  
PRODUCE

GENERAL + MERCHANDISE.

Hazel Green, Ky., 1900.

The above is a sample letter-head printed at this office, and the paper used is the best. If you need anything of the kind, write for prices and give us a trial order.

## DR. J. F. SIMON,

Of Louisville, Ky.

Will Remain in Hazel Green for Eight Days, and Will Be at The Day House.



It is my specialty to fit glasses in such a manner that they receive the eyestrain perfectly; fitting the eye with spectacles that you can see with ease and comfort, thus preserving the eye. In examining the eye only the latest and most improved methods and instruments are used.

Physicians especially are invited to call and investigate my methods of correcting errors of refraction. Many cases of headache, neuralgia, nervousness, irritability, insomnia, vertigo, nervous prostration and the seeming stupidity of children are often due to defective vision caused by an abnormal curvature of the cornea or crystalline lens or to an irregularity of the refracting media of the eye, and are relieved at once upon the application of the proper glasses. Ninety per cent. of the people over 40 years of age need glasses, and 50 per cent. of the 90 need them for distance.

Glasses are not always given to improve eyesight, but to relieve undue strains; in short to assist nature. Thousands of eyes are ruined yearly. Seven persons out of ten have neither eyes alike, and one out of 20. Astigmatism; hence the necessity of testing each eye separately. Special attention is given to any inequality that may exist between the refraction of the eye.

Optical science has made rapid advances within the last few years, the correct adaptation of spectacles has become a distinct profession. The optician who thoroughly understands his business realizes fully that in adjusting glasses for his customers he is treating with a most delicate and precious organ, where the slightest error may result seriously, while if he does his work well, he not only gives comfort and ease to his patrons, but in many instances restores the sight.

Special care should be taken in selecting the first pair of spectacles, nor should it be attempted without the aid of responsible optician. It is most important that the lenses should be accurately centered and of the best quality, and the frames so made that the wearer looks directly through the center. Glasses nicely fitted to the face become an ornament as well as a necessity.

Fitting children with spectacles a specialty.

Parents, do not neglect your children's eyes.

Difficult cases solicited.

All questions in regard to the eyes cheerfully answered.

CONSULTATION AND EXAMINATION FREE.

Office hours from 7 a. m. to 3 p. m., at Day House, Hazel Green.

A thrilling war story, by Conan Doyle, is one of the features of the December "Cosmopolitan." Frank R. Stockton, Maarten Maartens, Olive Schreiner and Edgar Saltus also have stories and sketches in the Christmas number. Olga Nethersole contributes a very interesting sketch of her personal experience in her efforts to succeed on the stage. Life has not been all sunshine for Miss Nethersole. She made her place battling against tremendous odds, and tells how she succeeded in a way that is at once interesting and inspiring.

### Railroad for Morgan.

Articles of incorporation were filed in the office of the County Clerk, on Monday, November 27th, at Mt. Sterling, by the Licking River Railroad Company, to acquire and operate a line of railroad from Midland, Bath county, to West Liberty, Morgan county. The incorporators are Charles P. Lloyd, Nathaniel Lloyd and A. B. Taylor, of Bangor, Maine; Fred C. Dudley and Lindley M. Webb, Portland, Maine; J. W. Hannon, Old Town, Maine, and E. C. Orear, Mt. Sterling.

The capital stock is \$50,000. Nineteen miles of road are already built, and the road will be extended just as rapidly as possible. The above company succeeds the Licking Valley Railroad Co. The new road will enter the rich coal fields of Morgan county, and will do a great deal toward advancing the resources of Eastern Kentucky.

### The Eagle, King of All Birds,

is noted for its keen sight, clear and distinct vision. So are those persons who use Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve for weak eyes, styes, sore eyes of any kind or granulated lids. Sold by all dealers at 25¢.

Be sure and read our great offer of THE HERALD for a year and the Farm Journal for the balance of 1899 and all of 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903, nearly five years, all for the price of our paper alone. Just walk up to the captain's office and draw the greatest prize you ever drew.

Nannie, a little daughter of Joe Miller, of the Murphy fork of Grassy, died on Monday morning of scarlet fever, aged about 4 years, and was buried at the Holderby grave yard, on Tuesday.

The infant child of John Pierratt's, of the Murphy fork of Grassy, died on Sunday morning and on Monday was buried at Ezel, where repose the remains of two others of the children.

Arbury Brooks has resigned his position as deputy postmaster, and is undecided as to what he will engage in. Dr. Nickel is taking a much needed rest from his practice and attending the postoffice in person.

Dr. and Mrs. Mason Kash entertained Rev. Rainey Maxey, Mrs. Kash's brother, and John Bayes, of Morgan county, during the preachers' institute at this place last week.

If a girl refuses an offer of marriage and becomes a spinster, she may regret it; and if she marries she may regret it—so what can the poor girl do?

Mrs. Emily Lacy and her son Pearl, accompanied by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Curt Lacy, paid Maytown a flying visit on Sunday.

Mesdames F. N. Day and John Evans went to Campton Wednesday morning and returned in the evening. It was a business visit.

Born, to Nelly Gardner, of color, on Sunday morning last, a boy.

## THE KELLAM CANCER, MEDICAL SURGICAL HOSPITAL.

WE GUARANTEE PERMANENT CURES without the use of the knife in CANCER and all CHRONIC SORES. No money to be paid until patients are cured. Our Medical and Surgical Departments are second to none, being composed of a corps of first-class Physicians.

All examinations free.

We treat no patients outside the hospital.

FRANK G. KELLAM, F. C. KELLAM, General Manager, HARRY KELLAM, HINTON, W. VA.



### Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect Oct. 21, 1899.

#### EAST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 4.		No. 2.	
	Daily, ex. Sunday.	Daily, ex. Sunday.	Daily, ex. Sunday.	Daily, ex. Sunday.
	A.M. Lve.	P.M. Lve.		
Lexington	7 45 am	2 10 pm		
Avon	8 10 am	2 35 pm		
Winchester	8 30 am	2 55 pm		
L & E Junction	8 45 am	3 07 pm		
Indian Fields	9 00 am	3 22 pm		
Clay City	9 16 am	3 40 pm		
Stanton	9 25 am	3 51 pm		
Filson	9 36 am	4 04 pm		
Dundee	9 47 am	4 30 pm		
Nat. Bridge	9 54 am	4 15 pm		
Torrent	10 08 am	4 34 pm		
Beatty's Je	10 29 am	4 56 pm		
Tallega	10 51 am	5 10 pm		
Athol	10 59 am	5 28 pm		
Jackson	11 30 am	6 00 pm		

#### WEST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 1.		No. 3.	
	Daily, ex. Sunday.	Daily, ex. Sunday.	Daily, ex. Sunday.	Daily, ex. Sunday.
Jackson	6 25 am	1 20 pm		
Athol	6 56 am	1 49 pm		
Tallega	7 04 am	1 57 pm		
Beatty's Je	7 26 am	2 18 pm		
Torrent	7 47 am	2 39 pm		
Nat. Bridge	8 03 am	2 52 pm		
Dundee	8 08 am	2 59 pm		
Filson	8 19 am	3 11 pm		
Stanton	8 33 am	3 23 pm		
Clay City	8 42 am	3 33 pm		
Indian Fields	8 59 am	3 48 pm		
L & E Junction	9 16 am	4 03 pm		
Winchester	9 29 am	4 15 pm		
Avon	9 49 am	4 35 pm		
Lexington	10 15 am	5 00 pm		

J. R. BARR, Gen'l Manager. CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.

### Red River Valley Railway Co.'s TIME CARD.

Train leaves McCassey at 6 o'clock a. m., connecting with train at Rothwell for Mt. Sterling. Returning, leaves Rothwell at 4 p. m. JAMES MUIR, Gen. Agt., Rothwell, Ky.

### THE BEST OF THEM ALL!

## LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Contains a complete novel in every number, in addition to a large quantity of useful and entertaining reading matter.

No continued stories, which are so objectionable to most readers.

It should be in every household. Subscription, \$3.00 per year.

Agents wanted in every town, to whom the most liberal inducements will be offered.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers, PHILADELPHIA.

## ME-GRIM-INE

A positive and permanent cure for megrim (Half-Headache) and all other forms of Headache or Neuralgia.

### HEADACHE CURED FREE

by sample mailed you if this paper is mentioned. The more promptly headaches are relieved the less frequent will be their return until permanently cured. Sold by all druggists. FIFTY (50) CENTS A BOX.

### The Dr. Whitehall Meg. Co. SOUTH BEND, IND.

Don't forget that you can have the Courier-Journal or Dispatch and THE HERALD one year for only \$1.25 cash in advance, and besides we will send you the Farm Journal until the end of the year of 1899.



## A STRONG SWIMMER.

From Him Dr. Talmage Draws a Noble Lesson.

The Always Ready Helpfulness of Religion for Those Who Struggle Against Adverse Circumstances.

(Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.)

In this discourse Dr. Talmage employs a very bold figure of the Bible to bring out the helpfulness of religion for all those in any kind of struggle. The text is Isaiah 25:11: "He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands."

In the summer season multitudes of people wade into the ponds and lakes and rivers and seas to dive or float or swim. In a world the most of which is water all men and women should learn to swim. Some of you have learned the side stroke introduced by George Patters in 1850, each stroke of that kind carrying the swimmer a distance of six feet, and some of you may use the over-hand stroke invented by Gardener, the expert who by it won the 500 yard championship in Manchester in 1862, the swimmer by that stroke carrying his arm in the air for a more lengthened reach, and some of you may tread the water as though you had been made to walk the sea, but most of you usually take what is called the breast stroke, placing the hands with the backs upward, about five inches under the water, the inside of the wrists touching the breast, then pushing the arms forward coincident with the stroke of the feet struck out to the greatest width possible, and you thus unconsciously illustrate the meaning of my text: "He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

The fisherman seeks out unfrequented nooks. You stand to-day on the bank of a river in the broiling sun and fling out your line and catch nothing, while an expert angler breaks through the jungle and goes by the shadow of the solitary rock and, in a place where no fisherman has been for ten years, throws out his line and comes home at night, his face shining and his basket full. I do not know why we ministers of the Gospel need always be fishing in the same stream and preaching from the same texts that other people preach from. I cannot understand the policy of the minister who, in Blackfriars, London, England, every week for 30 years preached from the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is an exhilaration to me when I come across a theme which I feel no one else has treated, and my text is one of that kind. There are paths in God's Word that are well beaten by Christian feet. When men want to quote Scripture, they quote the old passages that everyone has heard. When they want a chapter read, they read a chapter that all the other people have been reading, so that the church to-day is ignorant of three-fourths of the Bible.

You go into the Louvre, at Paris. You confine yourself to one corridor of that opulent gallery of paintings. As you come out your friend says to you: "Did you see that Rembrandt?" "No." "Did you see that Rubens?" "No." "Did you see that Titian?" "No." "Did you see that Raphael?" "No." "Well," says your friend, "then you did not see the Louvre." Now, my friends, I think we are too much apt to confine ourselves to one of the great corridors of Scripture truth, and so much so that there is not one person out of a million who has ever noticed the all suggestive and powerful picture in the words of my text.

The text represents God as a strong swimmer, striking out to push down iniquity and save the souls of men. "He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." The figure is bold and many sided. Most of you know how to swim. Some of you learned it in the city school, where this art is taught; some of you in boyhood, in the river near your father's house; some of you since you came to manhood or womanhood, while summering on the beach of the sea. It is a good thing to know how to swim, not only for yourself, but because you will after awhile perhaps have to help others.

I do not know anything more stirring or sublime than to see some man like Norman McKenzie leaping from the ship Madras into the sea to save Charles Turner, who had dropped from the royal yard while trying to loosen the sail, bringing him back to the deck amid the huzzas of the passengers and crew. If a man has not enthusiasm enough to cheer in such circumstances, he deserves himself to drop into the sea and have no one help him. The Royal Humane Society of England was established in 1774, its object to applaud and reward those who should pluck up life from the deep. Anyone who has performed such a deed of daring has all the particulars of that bravery recorded in a public record, and on his breast a medal done in blue and gold and bronze, anchor and monogram and inscription, telling to future generations the bravery of the man or woman who saved some one from drowning. But if it is such a worthy thing to save a body from the deep I ask you if it is not a worthy

thing to save an immortal soul. And you shall see this hour the Son of God step forth for this achievement. "He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

In order to understand the full force of this figure, you need to realize that our race is in a sinking condition. You sometimes hear people talking of what they consider the most beautiful words in our language. One man says it is "home," another man says it is the word "mother," another says it is the word "Jesus," but I tell you the bitterest word in all our language, the most angry and baleful, the word saturated with the most trouble, the word that accounts for all the loathsomeness and the pang and the outrage and the harrowing, and that word is "sin." You spell it with three letters, and yet those three letters describe the circumference and pierce the diameter of everything bad in the universe. Sin is a sibilant word. You cannot pronounce it without giving the hiss of the flame or the hiss of the serpent. Sin! And then if you add three letters to that word it describes everyone of us by nature—sinner. We have outraged the law of God, not occasionally, or now and then, but perpetually. The Bible declares it. Hark! It thunders two claps! "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." What the Bible says our own conscience affirms.

After Judge Morgan had sentenced Lady Jane Grey to death his conscience troubled him so much for the deed that he became insane, and all through his insanity he kept saying: "Take her away from me! Lady Jane Grey! Take her away! Lady Jane Grey!" It was the voice of conscience. And no man ever does anything wrong, however great or small, but his conscience brings that matter before him, and at every step of his misbehavior it says: "Wrong, wrong!" Sin is a leprosy; sin is a paralysis; sin is a consumption; sin is pollution; sin is death. Give it a fair chance, and it will swamp you and me, body, mind and soul, forever. In this world it only gives a faint intimation of its virulence. You see a patient in the first stages of typhoid fever. The cheek is somewhat flushed, the hands somewhat hot, preceded by a slight chill. "Why," you say, "typhoid fever does not seem to be much of a disease." But wait until the patient has been six weeks under it, and all his energies have been wrung out, and he is too weak to lift his little finger, and his intellect gone, then you see the full havoc of the disease. Now, sin in this world is an ailment which is only in its first stages, but let it get under full way and it is an all-consuming typhoid. Oh, if we could see our unpardoned sins as God sees them, our teeth would chatter and our knees would knock together, and our respiration would be choked, and our heart would break. If your sins are unforgiven, they are bearing down on you and you are sinking—sinking away from happiness, sinking away from God, sinking away from everything that is good and blessed.

Then what do we want? A swimmer—a strong swimmer, a swift swimmer! And blessed be God, in my text we have him announced. "He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth stretcheth forth his hands to swim." You have noticed that when a swimmer goes to rescue anyone he puts off his heavy apparel. He must not have any such impediment about him if he is going to do this great deed. And when Christ stepped forth to save us He shook off the sandals of Heaven, and His feet were free, and then He stepped down into the wave of our transgressions, and it came over His wounded feet, and it came above the spear stab in His side—aye, it dashed to the lacerated temple, the high-water mark of His anguish. Then, rising above the flood, "He stretched forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

If you have ever watched a swimmer, you notice that his whole body is brought into play. The arms are flexed, the hands drive the water back, the knees are active, the head is thrown back to escape strangulation, the whole body is in propulsion. And when Christ sprang into the deep to save us He threw His entire nature into it—all His Godhead, His omniscience, His goodness, His love, His omnipotence, head, heart, eyes, hands, feet. We were far out on the sea and so deep down in the waves and so far out from the shore that nothing short of an entire God could save us. Christ leaped out for our rescue, saying: "Lo, I come to do thy will!" and all the surges of human and satanic hate beat against Him, and those who watched Him from the gates of Heaven feared He would go down under the wave, and instead of saving others would Himself perish, but, putting His breast to the foam and shaking the surf from His locks, He came on and on until He is now within the reach of everyone here, eye omniscient, heart infinite, arm omnipotent, mighty to save, even unto the uttermost.

Oh, it was not half a God that trampled down bellowing Gennesaret; it was not a quarter of a God that mastered the demons of Gadara; it was not two-thirds of a God that lifted Lazarus into the arms of his overjoyed sisters; it was not a fragment of God who offered pardon and peace to all the race. No. This mighty swimmer threw His

grandeur, His glory, His might, His wisdom, His omnipotence and His eternity into this one act. It took both hands of God to save us—both feet. How do I prove it? On the cross were not both hands nailed? On the cross were not both feet spiked? His entire nature involved in our redemption!

If you have lived much by the water, you notice also that if anyone is going out to the rescue of the drowning he must be independent, self-reliant, able to go alone. There may be a time when he must spring out to save one, and he cannot get a lifeboat, and if he goes out and has not strength enough to bear himself up and bear another up he will sink, and instead of dragging one corpse out of the billows you will have two to drag out. When Christ sprang out into the sea to deliver us, he had no life buoy. His Father did not Help Him. Alone in the wine press, alone in the pang, alone in the darkness, alone on the mountain, alone in the sea! Oh, if He saves us, He shall have all the credit, for "there was none to help." No oar, no wing, no ladder! When Nathaniel Lyon fell in the battle charge in front of his troops, he had a whole army to cheer him. When Marshal Ney sprang into the contest and plunged in the spurs till the horse's flanks spurted blood, all France applauded him. But Jesus alone! "Of the people there was none to help." "All forsook Him and fled." Oh, it was not a flotilla that sailed down and saved us. It was not a cluster of gondolas that came over the wave. It was one person, independent and alone, "spreading out His hands among us as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim!"

I want to persuade you to lay hold of this strong swimmer. "No," you say; "it is always disastrous for a drowning man to lay hold of a swimmer." There is not a river or lake but has a calamity resultant from the fact that when a strong swimmer went out to save a sinking man the drowning man clutched him, threw his arms around him, pinioned his arms, and they both went down together. When you are saving a man in the water you do not want to come up by his face. You want to come up by his back. You do not want him to hold you while you take hold of him. But, blessed be God, Jesus Christ is so strong a swimmer He comes not to our back, but to our face, and He asks us to throw around Him the arms of our love and then promises to take us to the beach, and He will do it. Do not trust that plank of good works. Do not trust that shivered spar of your own righteousness. Christ only can give you safe transportation. Turn your face upon Him, as the dying martyr did in olden times when he cried out: "None but Christ! None but Christ!" Jesus has taken millions to the land, and He is willing to take you there. Oh, what hardness to thrust Him back when He has been swimming all the way from the throne of God, where you are now, and is ready to swim all the way back again, taking your redeemed spirit!

I have sometimes thought what a spectacle the ocean bed will present when in the last day the water is all drawn off. It will be a line of wrecks from beach to beach. There is where the barpooners went down. There is where the line of battleships went down. There is where the merchantmen went down. There is where the steamers went down, a long line of wrecks from beach to beach. What a spectacle in the last day, when the water is drawn off! But, oh, how much more solemn if we had an eye to see the spiritual wrecks and the places where they foundered! You would find thousands along our roads and streets. Christ came down in their awful catastrophe, putting out for their souls, "spreading out His hands as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim," but they thrust Him in the sore heart, and they smote His fair cheek, and the storm and darkness swallowed them up. I ask you to lay hold of this Christ and lay hold of Him now. You will sink without Him. From horizon to horizon not one sail in sight, only one strong swimmer, with head flung back and arms outspread.

I hear many saying: "Well, I would like to be a Christian. I am going to work to become a Christian." My brother, you begin wrong. When a man is drowning, and a strong swimmer comes out to help him, he says to him: "Now be quiet. Put your arm on my arm or on my shoulder, but don't struggle, don't try to help yourself, and I'll take you ashore. The more you struggle and the more you try to help yourself the more you impede me. Now, be quiet, and I'll take you ashore." When Christ, the strong swimmer, comes out to save a soul, the sinner says: "That's right, I am glad to see Christ, and I am going to help Him in the work of my redemption. I am going to pray more, and that will help Him, and I am going to weep extravagantly over my sins, and that will help Him." No, it will not. Stop your doing. Christ will do all or none. You cannot lift an ounce, you cannot move an inch, in this matter of your redemption.

**Five Oldest Colleges.**  
The five oldest colleges in the United States are Harvard, 1636; William and Mary, 1693; Yale, 1701; University of Pennsylvania, 1740; Princeton, 1746. We don't know the name of the youngest college. Rutgers college stands ninth in the seniority list.

## AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

### THE RATTLEBOX WEED.

Its Poisonous Constituent Is Unknown, But Resides Both in Its Leaves and Seed.

The Latin name of this weed is *Crotalaria sagittalis*. It is popularly known as rattledweed and wild pea. A government bulletin has this to say of it: It is a hairy annual three to eighteen inches high, with simple undivided leaves one to two inches long and small yellow pea-like flowers appearing in July. The seed pods are about an inch long when mature and are nearly black. They are much inflated, and, as the walls are stiff and thin and very resonant, they make excellent miniature rattles when the seeds have become detached from their fastenings inside the pod. The rattle-



RATTLEBOX PLANT.  
A, Whole Plant; B, Section of Seed Pod—Both One-Third Natural Size.

box is native in low sandy soils from the Atlantic westward to Minnesota and eastern Kansas. It is also found in New Mexico. It is common in Connecticut, New Jersey and North Carolina, and in some years is very abundant in bottom lands along the valley of the Missouri, in South Dakota and Iowa.

The poisonous constituent is unknown, but it resides both in the leaves and in the seeds. Horses, and sometimes cattle, are killed by eating grass mixed with the plant. They are not poisoned so often by eating the plant in the fields. Public attention was first called to the poisonous nature of the rattlebox by Dr. Stalker, of Iowa, who, in 1884, while investigating the cause among horses in Iowa, was led to believe that it was mostly, if not altogether, attributable to this plant. Experiments were made that proved the supposition to be correct.

The percentage of rattlebox in meadow hay will be much reduced if the fields are burned over when the seeds mature the preceding summer. The growth of perennial grasses will not be materially affected thereby.

### DAIRY AND STOCK.

Twenty-five of the large breeds of mutton sheep are enough for a flock. More than this number together do not usually do well. Merinos can be kept in larger flocks.

The oxen and steers are often neglected at this season of the year. But it is an unwise policy to let them get poor in some bushy lot unthought of, just because they are not in use.

When the pastures begin to fail it will be necessary to give the cows some extra feed. It will always be cheapest to supply with an extra ration of green feed. Sweet corn, peas, oats, etc., are all very good, but sweet corn will, as a rule, give best satisfaction.

Never buy an animal of any kind until you know how to take care of it. It is altogether too common for people to purchase animals of whose care they know nothing; the animal suffers from ill treatment and dies, and the new master blames the person from whom it was purchased, and then begins to inquire as to the care it should have received.—Farm Journal.

### Cheap Shelters for Sheep.

One of the advantages in keeping sheep is that they do not need an expensive building as a shelter. A shed open on one side suits them as well as a tight barn, and even better, as they require considerable ventilation. But it should be so arranged that both rain and snow can be kept out of it, for the sheep should not get their fleeces wet in cold weather. It takes too long to get it dry again, and the whole body gets chilled, reducing vitality, even if they do not take colds to set them coughing and running at the nose. Nor should water be allowed to run into the shed from outside. A sheep will not lie down in the mud or on wet straw. Keep the inside of the shed dry and well littered with clean straw and the sheep will be healthy and thrive well, even on moderate feed.—American Cultivator.

### HEAVY CORN FEEDING.

Turnips, Pumpkins and Damp Mill Feed Should Be Given in Connection with It.

There is no economy in stinting the ration given to growing and fattening pigs. The aim should always be to induce as heavy feeding as possible. Always much care should be given to secure perfect digestion, as heavy feeding sometimes causes trouble with the digestive organs. After green corn commences there is always a desire to hurry the pigs to market, and corn is fed to the utmost limit.

It must be remembered that the modern, quickly-developed pig is a soft creature as compared with his ancestors of 60 years ago, that the four to six months' old pig will not corn and digest it like the yearling or 18-months-old hogs of the past. Something must be done to keep up the appetite of this young thing.

A range over a grass sward will give exercise, if it is clover sod that they run over they will get much to keep their systems in tone.

Heavy feeding by some may be thought to consist in having corn always by them. This is not correct, as they will consume more if fed at stated intervals and only fed enough to keep their appetites sharp. When once started to fatten the feeding should be heavy to the finish, as a limited feeding is always attended with loss.

It will be found an advantage to give variety in feeding. While corn is the main ration, a good grass ration is a help—or an occasional feed of pumpkins. Turnips they learn to eat in time as other succulent foods fail them. Mangels they take to at once, and while they may not add much weight they help the appetite. A ration of mill feed is always acceptable if fed damp and in proper quantity.

We do not regard these things as a cut-off on the amount of corn fed, but rather as an aid to heavy corn feeding, and also an aid in prolonging the time corn may be fed without the hogs stalling on it and getting entirely off feed.—John M. Jamison, in American Cultivator.

### THE BEST PAYS BEST.

Farmer Who Grows Something Better Than Can Be Found in the Market Makes Money.

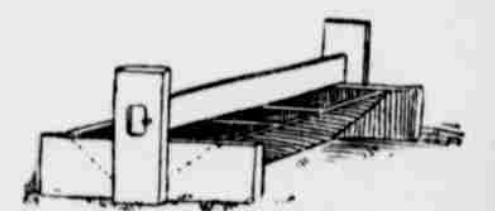
The great difficulty in making farms pay is that most farm crops cannot be assorted into good, better and best. They must be sold at so nearly a uniform price that there is no money in it. In stock growing and in fruit growing such wide differences in value can be made that it is possible to charge the very rich, who always want the best, whatever the best is worth more, and if it be not too easily produced, than this. So long as a man grows only for the universal market, he must sell at prices which even the poorest can pay. But let him grow something better than can be found in the market, and he can get enough higher prices to pay him double for all his extra trouble. This is the secret of getting rich in all kinds of business. Money is to be got from those who have it, and not from those who have it not. Does this forget the poor? Not at all. The struggle to improve quality is always changing its ground. The best of one year is thus placed within the reach of all a few years later, and another best has taken its place.

Barring accidents from untimely frosts, it is the best fruit that pays the most profit and that can be grown most cheaply if the average of years is considered. The labor of spraying with insecticides and with fungicides to make the fruit fair, and the further labor of thinning it, produces so much more fruit every year that it can be sold with profit at rates within the reach of all. The very rich will still get the best and pay for it, but the poorest will get more and better fruit than they ever before enjoyed.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

### EXCELLENT PIG TROUGH.

Fred O. Sibley Describes One That Is Very Convenient, Durable and Easy to Make.

The illustration shows a kind of trough for feeding pigs which is very convenient, durable and easy to make. The end boards are long enough so that the pigs cannot turn the affair over, and owing to the upright board running



TROUGH FOR FEEDING PIGS.

lengthwise of the trough and dividing it into two parts, they are also prevented from getting into it and fouling their food. Strips four inches wide are nailed to the edges of the trough at requisite distances, separating the trough into proper space for each pig, and thus prevents crowding. In order to avoid fighting among the animals, there should always be more spaces provided than there are pigs to feed.—Fred O. Sibley, in Ohio Farmer.



## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

William D. Lutz, of Reading, Pa., weighs 540 pounds.

President McKinley tried smoking a pipe for awhile, but he has returned to cigars.

There is no one "original" Gibson girl. The artist used a dozen models in drawing his pictures.

Sir Wemyss Reid, who has just retired from the editorship of the *Speaker*, is a rabid hater of America, detesting the newspapers of the United States above all things.

The physicians engaged at hospitals in German cities receive from \$1,500 to \$3,000 a year, with permission to take private patients as long as that does not interfere with their hospital duties.

The only man in the world reported to be worth over \$1,000,000,000 is the Anglicized German, Alfred Beit. He is not yet 50, is well educated and made his fortune in diamonds during the past 24 years.

Dr. C. J. Headley, the Connecticut state librarian, has in his possession an old placard or "dodger" which was distributed ten days after the death of Washington and announces a memorial service in Hartford.

## HUMAN POODLES OF EUROPE.

Platonic Admirers of Wives Tolerated by Husbands Who Do Not Like to Be Bored.

Poodle is the name given on yonder side of the water to what is sometimes here described as the "tame cat" of an establishment—that is, the only recognized admirer of the lady of the house, whose devotion to her is tolerated alike by husband and by society because it is known to be harmless and platonic. It is a custom which has been imported into England from the continent, where the admirer in question is known as the "cavalier servente," and to-day in Great Britain, as everywhere on the mainland of Europe, all women with any pretension to fashion and to society have their human poodles.

Poodles of this kind seldom, if ever, figure in the divorce court. The women regard them as all very well to fetch and carry for them, to act as their escort, to entertain them, to give them flowers, etc., but they would never dream of compromising themselves for the sake of a poodle. The poodle is usually a single man, with enough money to enable him to live a life of leisure. His poodledom furnishes him with a nice house, where he feels at home, and where he can go without any formal invitation, no matter whether it is in town or in the country. Single men get dreadfully tired of men's society and find great relief in that of a pretty, brilliant, witty woman.

Besides, it is so very convenient for the husband. The poodle saves him no end of trouble, acts as his wife's escort everywhere and serves as a sort of lightning conductor for all ill humors. In fact, to-day poodledom has become such a recognized social institution in Europe that it is only the evil-minded and the people without any experience of the world who see any harm in it.

Nothing is more amusing than to watch the attitude of the husband toward the wife's poodle. His manner is characterized by a sort of mingled condescension, patronage, just a touch of contempt, and a dash of gratitude. His pride would be hurt were he to see the woman bearing his name without all those little attentions of which a fashionable woman stands in need, and yet which he would consider a bore if obliged himself to furnish them.

A woman makes a mistake if she chooses a poodle who is more brilliant or distinguished than her husband, and is particularly blameworthy if she selects one who is richer than the man whose name she bears. It is only cases of this kind that excite talk. Nostones would have been cast at Mrs. Singleton (the "Violet Fane" of literature) had she not chosen as her poodle a man such as Lord Currie, who was so much more wealthy and brilliant than poor, dull, insignificant Mr. Singleton. And in the same way the present duchess of Devonshire, while still duchess of Manchester, was the object of much slander owing to the circumstance that her preux chevalier, Lord Hartington (now duke of Devonshire), was so much more clever and well to do than the late duke of Manchester. That the two ladies were entirely innocent of any real wrongdoing is, however, shown by the fact that both are frequent visitors of the queen at Windsor castle, and that while one—namely, the duchess of Devonshire—is the wife of a cabinet minister the other is British ambassador at Rome.

No one ever hears anything of the poodles of the young duchess of Sutherland, of Lady Dudley, of Lady Wolverton, of the young duchess of Bedford, of the duchess of Portland, of the marchioness of Granby, yet they all have their poodles, only they have the tact and savoir faire to choose for the purpose men more insignificant in every respect than their husbands. That is why their names remain ignored by the general public, although they are, of course, sufficiently well known to society itself to render it a breach of good manners to invite a great lady to any entertainment without at the same time asking her poodle.

—Washington Post.

## PLEA FOR THE CODFISH.

A Chief Cook Says This Fish Is Not Appreciated at Its Real Worth.

"If codfish cost a dollar a pound," said the chef, "it would be more universally beloved. I tell you, it is the best dinner fish known. I have tried the whitefish all over the world, but the codfish is king of them all and is not appreciated at his real worth. Cook him in any way you like and he is delicious. Even the dried codfish, picked up and served in cream for breakfast, is a fine dish. Put him in a bag, sew him up tightly and let him boil, or bake him carefully, well stuffed, and he is delicious.

"Let me tell you that when you make fishcakes you should not drown out the fish with potato. Put a little potato or other substance in the cakes as possible, and, if you want them as fine as they can be made, wrap them in a blanket of eggs and do not be sparing of the egg. You can make a tasty dish of codfish cakes if you will follow my advice. Fish cakes are considered a very democratic dish, of course, but my patron, who pays me a large salary, is as democratic as he used to be in his younger days. When he sends down to me an order for fish cakes for the next morning's breakfast he says he wants Meschutt's fish cakes, with egg. That is the order, and he is thinking of his younger life, when, as he once told me, in a basement on Broadway he used to get the finest butter cakes and fish cakes he ever tasted, 'excepting yours, chef,' he adds always. But I know that times in those days were as thousand-dollar bills to him now, and his appetite was keener and more appreciative."

## SHEEP FOUND IN ALASKA.

Flesh Said to Be the Most Delicious of All Wild Game and Is Much Sought.

This rare wild white sheep is found nowhere in the world but Alaska, and few specimens for mounting whole have ever been obtained, says a writer in *Outing*. This species, named *ovis dalli* by Prof. Dall, differs from its cousin, the Rocky mountain big horn (*ovis montana*) in color, *ovis montana* being a dull brown in midsummer, changing to a grayish drab in winter, with a light ashy-colored patch over the rump all the year, while the *ovis dalli* is snow-white at all seasons; in fact, there is not a colored hair on any part of its body. He is not quite so stockily built as the "big horn," yet more trim and shapely. Two of my specimens stood 42 inches at the shoulder. His limbs are not quite so heavy, and his horns will not average as large at the base, although quite as long. The horns of my largest specimen of 1897 measured 41½ inches in length and 12½ inches in circumference at the base.

The flesh is the most delicious of all wild game. In the summer this sheep lives chiefly on the rich, succulent growth of the asplenium septentrionale, which grows in the crevices of the rock on the sunny slopes of this rugged range. This beautiful animal must endure great hardships to survive the winters of this icy north.

Don't slander the dead; if you do justice to the living you will be kept busy.—*Atchison Globe*.

It may take a person a long time to get asleep and yet get fast to sleep.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"For the first year of his married life he came to dinner in evening clothes." "What does he do now?" "Now he comes to breakfast in them."—*Puck*.

When you come across a man who is uneasy if he owes a man a dollar, you come across a pretty good sort of a citizen even if he does not belong to your church or vote your ticket.—*Advance Farmer*.

The average woman seldom carries a handkerchief. This is particularly noticeable at the theater during the pathetic parts of the play. At a recent performance five women wept upon one handkerchief.—*Atchison Globe*.

Fuddy—"You never can tell anything about the weather. At the time of the flood, you know, it rained 40 days and 40 nights." Duddy—"Yes; and I'll bet if there had been a weather bureau in existence at that time it would have prophesied fair weather, or at least clearing, every morning."—*Boston Transcript*.

A Satisfaction—"What are you going to do for amusement to-day?" "I think," answered the hero, "that I'll go to a dime museum and see the armless phenomenon." "I didn't know you were interested in curiosities of that kind." "I wasn't formerly. But it will be a great satisfaction to meet somebody who I'm dead sure isn't going to shake hands with me."—*Washington Star*.

Located—"Papa," said the minister's little son, "I thought you told me the other day that I must never say 'can't' because there is no such word." "Yes," the good man replied, "I said so, and I repeat it. In the bright lexicon that youth reserves for glorious manhood there is no such word as 'can't.'" "Well," little Willie returned, "maybe it mightn't be in the bright lexicon, but when I was playing with Eddie Westwood to-day I heard his papa say you were full of it."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

## RATTLESNAKE EATER.

A Georgia Negro Who Captures and Sells the Reptiles Sometimes Makes a Meal of Them.

Moses Henderson is a sable son of Africa and lives two miles from Americus in a rocky field where rattlesnakes are most plentiful, says the *Savannah News*. Moses makes a living by capturing snakes and selling them. This is the truth, strange as it may seem. One day lately he killed a large one with 11 rattles on it. This was a fat snake and Moses ate it. The other day he brought a very large snake to the city, trying to sell its hide. There were 23 rattles on it. The snake was very poor, and Moses said it would not do to eat, and he stuffed its hide and sold it for a good price. Every year Moses makes a good deal of money selling snake oil. He says right down the vertebrae of a rattlesnake is a fatty streak of flesh that makes an oil, when fried, that will cure any case of rheumatism. It is strange to how many people he sells this rheumatic snake oil. He has a long list of certificates from people he has cured. Some of them are from intelligent whites, who declare that the oil has cured them when all other remedies have failed. He sells a vial of the oil for one dollar and guarantees a lasting cure.

Moses says his father was an African voodoo doctor and taught him how to cure all aches and pains with snake oil. The negroes of Sumter county venerate and fear him as a mysterious doctor who can cure when all else fails, and look upon his snake oil as something enchanted.

## THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

A Missouri Woman Suggests That When It Becomes a State It Shall Be Called Jefferson.

Mrs. Robert H. True, of Clinton, Mo., writes to the St. Louis Republic suggesting that when the Indian territory shall become a state it be admitted to the union under the name of Jefferson. She says:

"I have made the suggestion to several prominent citizens of the territory in my recent trip through that important section, and they view the proposed name of Jefferson with enthusiasm. They think it would be acceptable to the entire territory thus to honor the memory of Thomas Jefferson, under whose direction the Louisiana purchase was made. Jefferson's name is forever associated with the history of the central state.

"Since the purchase of the original territory of Louisiana in 1803, many states have been formed, numbers of which have been named for individuals who have achieved greatness. No state has been named in honor of Jefferson, who opened and closed the negotiations for the purchase. The only remaining portion of the purchase in the union is the part known as the Indian territory. Progress will demand that a state be formed of this territory.

"The only opportunity of honoring Jefferson by naming a part of the original purchase for him is in naming Indian territory 'Jefferson' when it is made a state."

## ROCKING BEAUTIFIES WOMEN.

How an English Scientist Accounts for the Symmetry of American Limbs.

The rocking chair, according to an English scientist over here for the purpose of writing a book of travels, deserves even a higher place in American esteem than it now holds, for it is responsible, this eagle-eyed observer claims, for one of the greatest beauties of the American women, the beauty of her lower limbs, says the *Philadelphia Record*. "If you will think," he said at a dinner party the other night at Atlantic City, "if you will think of the exercise one gets on a rocking chair, you will see that I am right. How many times, on these broad, wind-blown piazzas, does a young woman rock herself in her chair in the course of a morning? In fancy it would take a calculating barber to tell you that. At any rate, the exercise she gets is excellent and ample. That push which the toes gives to keep the chair in motion, repeated and repeated, makes the instep high, the calf round and full, and it keeps misshapen flesh off the ankle, keeping the ankle delicate and slender. Such delicate ankles under such robust calves made me fear, when I first came down and saw your women in their bathing dresses that the pneumatic stocking, so popular in my own land, had gotten a foothold here. I am convinced now that it is not so."

## A Harem Car.

Central Asian railroad managers try to meet the desires of their public. A harem car with latticed windows has been constructed for the emir of Bokhara.

## The New Torpedo.

A young Swede has invented a torpedo operated solely by invisible rays of light, which enables it to explode at will beneath the enemy's fleet. In a like subtle manner Hostetter's Stomach Bitters attacks and conquers all stomach troubles. When a sufferer from constipation or dyspepsia or liver complaint takes the Bitters he is sure of one thing, sooner or later, and that is cure. See that a private Revenue Stamp covers the neck of the bottle.

He—"I know better than to propose to a girl I can't get." She—"Do you?" He—"Yes; she might change her mind."—*Town Topics*.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn? Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Smarting, Hot, Callous, Sore, and Sweating Feet. All Druggists and Shoe Stores sell it, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Laura—"The fortune teller said Miss Elderly was to be married soon." Flora—"To whom?" Laura—"I don't know. The poor girl was so happy she forgot to ask!"—*Puck*.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

"I tell you what you ought to do," a man said to Drake Watson to-day. "That's nothing," Mr. Watson replied. "I know 50 things I ought to do."—*Atchison Globe*.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure, 25c.

Tommy Tompkins—"I bet my pup kin lick your kitten." Willie Wilkins—"Well, I bet if he does he'll wish he hadn't when my kitty grows up."—*Ohio State Journal*.

Do not allow dealers to sell you some thing just as good as Putnam Fadeless Dyes. There is no such a thing on the market. Insist on having Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

Burglars go on the principle of helping themselves, and they don't go to jail until they can't help themselves.—*Golden Days*.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—Lizzie Ferrel, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '94.

Man has his will—but woman has her way.—O. W. Holmes.

## Hall's Cathartic Cure

Is taken Internally. Price 75c.



## An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package, CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y. For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle.

## DOORS OF UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS SAY

T. HILL MANSFIELD'S CAPILLARIS

Permanently cures all Itching, Burning, Scaly Scalp and Skin Diseases, such as Salt Rheum, Eczema, Scald Head, Chills, Piles, Burns, Baby Rashes, Head-itch, Itching Scalp, Falling Hair, Thinning and making it soft, silky and luxuriant. All Face Eruptions (producing a Soft, Clear, Beautiful Skin and Complexion). It contains no Lead, Sulphur, Cantharides or anything injurious. An easy, great seller. Lady canvassers make \$1.00 a day. Druggists or mail 50c. Capillaris Manufacturing Co., N. Y. Address: T. HILL MANSFIELD, Apt. 6, 100 N. 3rd St., Phila., Pa.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 25c. trial bottle and treatment free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Phila., Pa.



## DR. MOFFETT'S

Teething Powders.

Costs only 25 Cents. Ask your Druggist for it.

C. J. MOFFETT, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

## A Letter to Mrs. Pinkham Brought Health to Mrs. Archambo.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 42,352]

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For two years I felt tired and so weak and dizzy that some days I could hardly go around the house. Backache and headache all the time and my food would not digest and had such pains in the womb and troubled with leucorrhoea and kidneys were affected.

"After birth of each child I grew weaker, and hearing so much of the good you had done, I wrote to you and have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one box of Lozenges, one box of Liver Pills, one package of Sanative Wash, and to-day I am feeling as well as I ever did. When I get up in the morning I feel as fresh as I did when a girl and eat and sleep well and do all of my work. If ever I feel weak again shall know where to get my strength. I know your medicine cured me."—MRS. SALINA ARCHAMBO, CHARLEMONT, MASS.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled; for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women a year. All women who suffer are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which will be promptly given without charge.

## DYSPEPSIA

"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."—DAVID H. MURPHY, Newark, O.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip. 10c. 25c. 50c. CURE CONSTIPATION. Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 111

## W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 & \$3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes.

Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.

ALL LEATHERS. ALL STYLES.

THE GENUINE have W. L. Douglas' name and price stamped on bottom.

Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Latest makers of \$3 and \$3.50 shoes to the world. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send you a pair on receipt of price. State kind of leather, size and width, plain or cap toe.

Catalogue B Free.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

## ATTENTION!

COMRADES, are You Ready to Attend the

33d ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT

G. A. R.

—AT—

PHILADELPHIA,

September 4-9, 1899?

CHEAP RATES VIA

"BIG FOUR ROUTE"

AND CONNECTIONS.

Tickets will be on sale September 1, 2, 3 and 4, 1899. Good to return leaving Philadelphia not later than September 12, 1899, with proviso that upon deposit of ticket with Joint Agent, 132 Chestnut St., not earlier than Sept. 5 nor later than Sept. 9, 1899, and payment of a fee of 50 cents per ticket at time of deposit, an extension of return limit to leave Philadelphia to and including September 30th may be secured.

For full information regarding tickets, rates, variable routes and time of trains, call on agents "BIG FOUR ROUTE," or address the undersigned, WARREN J. LYNCH, W. P. DEPPE, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt., A. G. F. & T. Agt., CINCINNATI, O.

## CARTER'S INK

—None so good, but it costs no more than the poorest.

\$75 Monthly; costly outfit free; we want a man or woman in every county; apply quick. Manufacturers, 3345 Market St., Philadelphia.

A. N. K.—E 1776

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Rev. (now Bishop) Joseph S. Key.

Wrote: "We gave your TEETHINA (Teething Powders) to our little grandchild with the happiest results. The effects were almost magical and certainly more satisfactory than anything we ever used." If not kept by druggists mail 25 Cents to

# Plantation Chill Cure is Guaranteed

To cure, or money refunded by your merchant, so why not try it? Price 80c.



# THE HERALD.



SPENCER COOPER. : : : Editor



HAZEL GREEN, KY.  
THURSDAY, December 7, 1899.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

**CONGLETON**—We are authorized to announce J. W. CONGLETON as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Wolfe county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

UNDER the heading of announcements in this issue of our paper will be found the name of J. W. Congleton, who aspires to the office of County Judge of Wolfe county. Mr. Congleton is himself so well known and THE HERALD has heretofore mentioned his merits so often that an introduction at our hands now seems superfluous. But he is a man in all senses of whom any county or community might well be proud, and if nominated and elected to the office to which he aspires, he will make us a wide-awake progressive probate officer, but an economical one as well. We shall have a word about him occasionally simply to keep him in the minds of the masses, and in the meantime we leave his claims with his constituents.

THE Seventh Congressional district committee met at Frankfort on Thanksgiving to nominate a democratic candidate for congress to succeed the late Evan E. Settle. There were four candidates—Allen, of Fayette; Julian, of Franklin; Moody, of Henry, and June W. Gayle, of Owen. A resolution was adopted that after the 21st ballot the hindmost man should be dropped. Up to 65th ballot the vote was Allen 29, Gayle 25, Julian and Moody 20½ each. On the 66th ballot Moody received 4½ and was dropped. Allen and Julian then withdrew and on the 67th Gayle was declared the nominee. Ex-Congressman Wm. Owens was nominated at Lexington by the Brownies and Republicans to run against Gayle.

THE HERALD hoped in this issue to give the result of the count by the State Election commissioners, but is unable yet to do so because that body has not completed the count. Fifty-one counties give Goebel a majority of 5,185, but of these five counties in which there are contests were passed. Later—Since the above was put in type a telephone message from Mt. Sterling states that the count has been finished, and Taylor's majority is 2,800.

If the clamor of the Republicans against the seating of Roberts were based upon the sincere conviction that he was an improper representative, it is safe to assume that the great body of thinking Democrats the country over would join heartily in the movement to deprive him of the right to participate in the deliberations of the House. But the political phase of the question is so apparent and the obvious advantage to the Republicans through the barring of the House's door to a Mormon so prominent, that the pharisaical professions of the majority will deceive no one. All that is asked for Mr. Roberts is justice, and the minority will see that this is accorded him.

## EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

Before Aguinaldo rebelled against us and while he was fighting Spain, he was a patriot in the eyes of the Administration. Now he is a brigand.

Mr. Bailey, of Texas, has declared that Mr. Bankhead is his choice for minority leader of the House of Representatives. Mr. Bailey has been there himself and ought to know the kind of man needed to tackle the rampant majority.

No less a competent legal authority than a former Republican Senator of the United States, Hon. George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, declares that Representative-elect Roberts should be protected in his constitutional rights, and if elected properly, be sworn in as a member of the House.

Senator Daniel has been advanced to presidential proportions through the efforts of an energetic and able Richmond journal. The party might go farther and fare worse, but indications now point to the renomination and the election of Mr. Bryan.

After wobbling on the currency question for years, it is at last announced that McKinley has sufficiently stiffened his dorsal vertebrae to urge that some step be taken toward enacting a gold standard. It would be well for the majority to hurry up, as he may change his mind.

John R. McLean is prominently mentioned as Mr. Bryan's running mate next year. Mr. McLean's experience in the recent Ohio campaign has probably furnished him with some large sized ideas relative to the practical side of politics, and he would make a competent colleague of the silver advocate.

Former Senator Call, of Florida, declares that his defeat was brought about by the money of the Standard Oil Company. Trusts in Florida, he says, are flourishing finely. Why not name Mark Hanna as a committee of one to become acquainted with this latest form of Republican monopoly fostering.

Elihu Root for vice-president seems to be the choice of the New York State Republican boss, Tom Platt. Mr. Root, however, should be very wary. It would be well for him to keep in mind the fate that overtook Morton in 1896. Tom is a very sleek trickster. Woodruff is a man after his own heart and would have the nomination if the wily Thomas dared to urge him for the place.

That is an unseemly controversy which has arisen between the Navy and the War Departments relative to the removal of the wreck of the Maine from the harbor of Havana. It would seem that so long as it is known that the brave sailors of Maine are lying at the bottom of the that foul harbor department friction, for the time being, could be subordinated to practical patriotism.

Mr. Bryan's marvelous work in Nebraska caused that state to remain in the Democratic column. Now that the silver leader is about to visit the east, there is a small sized panic among the members of the G. O. P., and well they may be frightened. The personal magnetism of the man and his undisputed sincerity have won thousands of votes for him in the west. May it not be possible that the same elements of popularity will do as well for him in the east?

With Cuba on the eve of revolution and the war in the Philippines still in progress, it would seem as though the benevolent intentions of the Republicans were misconstrued by our prospective foster children. That the interference to drive Spain from the western hemisphere was right, no thinking man doubts, and had the President possessed sufficient courage and candor to state his intentions relative to the islands, there would have been no trouble either in Cuba or in the Philippines, but the vacillating policy of a weak man brought untold bloodshed in the Orient and probably trouble in Cuba, since the former low mutterings of discontent in the Pearl of the Antilles, have now assumed proportions that penetrate even to the jelly-fish incumbent of the White House. Cuba and the Philippines must be free or there will be years of discord.

The trusts are an issue that the Republicans do not care to have brought prominently to the front in next year's campaign. To show the extent to which these monopolies created to enrich the stockholders at the expense of the people at large, have been nourished under that humbug, the protective tariff, should be the aim of every Democratic editor and speaker in next year's struggle. Mark Hanna to the contrary notwithstanding, there are trusts and very big ones at that.

Our royally inclined President has become so sensitive relative to his doings that any criticism on the part of a poor government clerk brings down the Administration wrath to the point of dismissal. Noble E. Dawson, a clerk in the War Department, has been removed for criticising the President. Evidently free speech is restricted not only in Russia and in China, but in the United States as well.

Mark Hanna has not been heard from since election. Evidently he has taken those Cuyahoga county returns very much to heart.

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The weather is too warm and we can not wait any longer on cold weather.

**1** off on every article of CLOTHING in our house. This a great opportunity to buy goods at about 50 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR!

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We have now the finest and largest stock of

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And, remember, 25 per cent. off on all of them!



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Leading Clothiers of Kentucky.



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Who owe me on account, to call and pay same. I need the money and can wait no longer. Please do not ask for credit if you owe me on account, for I can not and will not, grant you credit any longer. I have

**A FULL AND COMPLETE LINE**  
OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE,  
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How many will respond to my call? I shall wait and see. Doors open from 6 o'clock a. m. to 6 p. m. Respectfully, &c.,

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ever brought to the mountains, and having bought them before the recent rise in leather, I am prepared to save my customers money on every purchase they make. I want the ladies, especially, to examine my stock. For the price, I can show them a front-lace shoe that is a world-beater. It is, indeed, a beauty, and to the touch makes one feel that the shoemaker got hold of the kid-glove stock.

Respectfully,

JOHN M. ROSE.

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### Headache

Is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take

### Hood's Pills

While they rouse the liver, restore full, regular action of the bowels, they do not gripe or pain, do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. 25c. at all druggists or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

## THE HERALD.

### GREATEST FAMILY WEEKLY

**A FARM JOURNAL**  
**Great Offer.** From now to Dec, 1903, Nearly 5 Years.  
 By special arrangement made with the publishers of the FARM JOURNAL we are enabled to offer that paper to every subscriber who pays for THE HERALD one year ahead for only \$1.00 both papers for the price of ours only; our paper one year and the FARM JOURNAL from now until December 1903, nearly 5 years. The FARM JOURNAL is an old established paper enjoying great popularity, one of the best and most useful farm papers published.  
 This offer should be accepted without delay.

More men die of idleness than of hard work.

John Curtin, of Maytown, is in town repairing the Day mill.

Will Govedon, of the Paris Grocery Co., was in town Monday.

Three of John Craven's children have fever, and all are bedfast.

Courtney McGuire, of Clay City, is visiting relatives and friends at this place.

Dr. Nickell will accept the thanks of the editor and his better-<sup>2</sup> for some very fine beets.

Died, on Tuesday night, a two-year-old child of Rev. John W. Burcham, of Gillmore.

The Winchester opera house was sold last week at public sale to Judge George Nelson for \$15,000.

Well, are the good people of Hazel Green and vicinity going to have a Christmas tree for the little ones?

Mrs. Mag Raiser, colored, of Daysboro, is so badly salivated that her condition is considered critical.

Mrs. Silas Kash is confined to her bed with a severe case of sore throat, but hopes soon to be herself again.

Dr. Mason Kash was on Monday called to see two children of Loring Nickell's, of Morgan county, who have pneumonia.

Misses Ollie Henry, of Bonny, Morgan county, and Lula Cecil, of Grassy, paid Mrs. S. B. Kash a visit Friday, and each bought a handsome hat.

The postoffice has been moved to John Pieratt's saddlery shop, and the new location is much superior to the former.

**TAKE ONLY** the best when you need a medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, nerve and stomach tonic. Get HOOD'S.



**F. A. LYON, JR.,**  
 Leading Insurance Agent  
 of Eastern Kentucky.  
 Offices: Beattyville and Jackson.

On the first page of our paper this week will be found the ad. of J. F. Simon, who is here for a few days to give the people of Hazel Green and vicinity an opportunity to have their eyes tested and obtain glasses to suit their vision. Mr. Simon is a graduate of the Kentucky School of Medicine, Louisville, and as an optician has a reputation second to none. He was at West Liberty last summer, where he tested the eyes of many of Morgan's citizens and furnished them with glasses. Speaking of his stay over there a gentleman told us a few days since, "Mr. Simon is all right, and the work he did at West Liberty rendered entire satisfaction in every instance." He will be found at the Day House.

Now is the time and Louis & Gus Straus, Lexington, Ky., is the place to buy your clothing. This firm laid in an immense stock of winter clothing, and the warm weather forces them to cut the prices 25 per cent. to get rid of the goods. It is pretty hard on the Messrs. Straus, but "it is an ill wind that blows no body good," and in this case the buyer gets the good end. Anybody that needs a suit of clothes or a fine overcoat should avail of this opportunity and save the 25 per cent. which they are giving all who buy of them. See their ad. in this issue.

Elder Allen May, of White Oak, attended the preachers' institute at this place last week, and it was the first time he had visited Hazel Green since he was 14 years of age, although he lives only about 16 miles away. He is now about 70 years old. Many of his friends here say that the institute was not the attraction that brought him here this time, and that but for a handsome widow of our village he might have postponed his visit indefinitely.

Dr. John Taulbee was on Thursday called to the head of Frozen creek, in Breathitt county, to see Elsberry Taulbee, and a daughter and son. After a diagnosis he discovered that the three had flux in its most malignant form, and the daughter is dangerously ill. He prescribed for them and returned home under promise to answer a call from the family at any time.

The Kentucky Wesleyan Academy at Campton has secured two new buildings, and is better than ever prepared to accommodate boarders. The increase of scholars this year and the old quarters not being sufficiently large enough to entertain them, therefore the board of managers were compelled to secure other buildings. This speaks well of the school.

Rush Swango had a team of horses to run away on Monday, and lumber, with which the wagon was loaded, was scattered from Rose's store to the rocky hill, where the hind wheels of the wagon were left. The horses continued to run to Harmon Swango's and there left the front wheels. The horses were unhurt.

Dr. Silas B. Kash was confined to his house all of last week by illness and is not yet entirely recovered. He was suffering from a pharyngeal abscess in the walls of the pharynx, together with tonsillitis. But the abscess broke on Thursday night, and he has since been on the mend.

A private letter received by Mrs. Silas Kash from her brother, Louis Pieratt, of Brown's Valley, California, brings the information that his little daughter, Lula, had died of scarlet fever on Nov. 5th. She was aged about two years and six months, and was an exceptionally bright child.

The Ohio campaign appears to have cost Mark Hanna about five times as much as it cost McLean and Jones together, and then he did not get a majority of the votes.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Great Cures proved by thousands of testimonials show that Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses power to purify, vitalize and enrich the blood.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to be taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

**WANTED SEVERAL PERSONS FOR**  
 District Office Managers in this state to represent me in their own and surrounding counties. Willing to pay yearly \$600, payable weekly. Desirable employment with unusual opportunities. References exchanged. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. S. A. PARK, 320 Caxton Building, Chicago. 26-6m

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**MRS. S. B. KASH,**  
 Fashionable Milliner,  
 HAZEL GREEN, KY.

**BODE : HARDWARE : COMPANY,**  
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**HARDWARE**  
 and CUTLERY,  
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 Reference, J. Taylor Day, Hazel Green.

**ROSE & DAVIS**  
 —THE—  
**Blacksmiths**  
 —AND—  
**Wagon-makers,**

Have no time to write an ad. this week, but desire to announce that they are still at the old stand, and ready and willing at all times to do any work in their line for cash or prompt paying customers.

Those indebted to the firm will please be considerate enough to call and settle at once, as we need money to run our business and must have what is due us to pay our own debts.

**CONNAUGHT 2D 3512.**  
 This celebrated English Hackney stallion imported to the United States on June 3, 1893, will make the season of 1899 at the stables of John H. Pieratt, at Hazel Green, Ky., at the extremely low price, blood and beauty considered, of

**\$6 TO INSURE A LIVING COLT,**  
**Or \$5 To Insure A Mare In Foal,**  
 money due when the fact is ascertained in either case. A loan on the colt will be retained for the season money, and in event the mare is traded off or bred to another horse the money will then be due. Every care will be taken to prevent accidents, but I will not be responsible should they occur.

**DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.**  
**CONNAUGHT 2ND, 3512** is a beautiful bay, full 16 hands high, black mane and tail, good style and action and a fine roadster; 9 years old this spring. He was sired by Victor of Beatty 1587; dam Bonnie 1925, by Highflyer 1006; Victor of Beatty 1587 by Reliance 667, grand dam by Congress 164; Reliance 667 by Confidence 158, dam by Rileman 670.

**NOTE**—His complete pedigree covers many crosses of the thoroughbred and coach horse—but is too full to quote. Breeders are invited to call and see him and examine his pedigree at my stables. Respectfully, J. H. PIERATT.

The New York World,  
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ALMOST A DAILY—AT THE PRICE OF A WEEKLY.

The most widely circulated "weekly" newspaper in America is the Thrice-a-Week edition of The New York World, and with the Presidential campaign now at hand you cannot do without it. Here are some of the reasons why it is easily the leader in dollar a year journalism.

It is issued every other day, and is to all purpose a daily.  
 Every week each subscriber receives 18 pages and often during the "busy" season 24 pages each week.  
 The price is only \$1.00 per year.  
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Its news covers every known part of the world. No weekly newspaper could stand alone and furnish such service.  
 The Thrice-a-Week World has at its disposal all of the resources of the greatest newspaper in existence—the wonder of modern journalism—"America's Greatest Newspaper," as it has been justly termed—The New York World.

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The best of current fiction is found in its columns.  
 These are only some of the reasons; there are others. Read it and see them all.  
 We offer this unequalled newspaper and THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD together one year for \$1.50.  
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 All about Poultry; the best Poultry Book in existence; tells everything; with 23 colored life-like reproductions of all the principal breeds; with 103 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

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The BIGGLE BOOKS are unique, original, useful—you never saw anything like them—so practical, so sensible. They are having an enormous sale—East, West, North and South. Every one who keeps a Horse, Cow, Hog or Chicken, or grows Small Fruits, ought to send right away for the BIGGLE BOOKS. The

## FARM JOURNAL

Is your paper, made for you and not a misfit. It is 22 years old; it is the great booted-down, hit-the-nail-on-the-head, quit-after-you-have-said-it, Farm and Household paper in the world—the biggest paper of its size in the United States of America—having over a million and a half regular readers.

Any ONE of the BIGGLE BOOKS, and the FARM JOURNAL 5 YEARS (remainder of 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903) will be sent by mail to any address for A DOLLAR BILL.  
 Sample of FARM JOURNAL and circular describing BIGGLE BOOKS free.

WILMER ATKINSON, CHAS. F. JENKINS. Address, FARM JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

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Permanently cured by using DR. WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE. The sweet and the best. Sample sent free on mention of this publication. THE DR. WHITEHALL MEDICINE CO., South Bend, Indiana.

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DR. MOTT'S KIDNEY PILLS  
 The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Failure of Sexual Function, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Venereal Disorders, Mental Weakness, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every \$5.00 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S MEDICINE CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

**A. HOFFMAN & SON, W. H. PIERATT,**  
 MANAGERS, SOLICITOR,  
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# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : KY.

## LULLABY.

Kiver up yo' haid, my little lady,  
Hyeah de win' a-blowin' out o' do's.  
Don't you kick, ner projick wid de comfo't.  
Less'n fro' il' bit yo' little toes.  
Shut yo' eyes, an' snuggle up to mammy;  
Gif me bofe yo' han's, I hol' 'em tight.  
Don't you be afear'd, an' mence to trumble  
Des ez soon ez I blows out de light.

Angels is a-mindin' you, my baby,  
Keepin' off de Bad Man in de night.  
What de use o' bein' skeered o' nuffin'?  
You don't fink de da'ness gwine to bite?  
What de crackin' soun' you hyeah erroun' you?  
Lawdy, chile, you tickles me to def—  
Dat's de man what brings de fros', a paintin'  
Picters on de winder wid his bref.

Mammy ain't afear'd, you hyeah huf laffin'!  
Go 'way, Mistah Fros, you can't come in;  
Baby ain't 'ereivin' folks dis evenin'.  
Reckon dat you'll have to call ag'in.  
Curly yo' little toes up so, my possum—  
Umph, but you's a cunnin' one fu' true!  
Go to sleep, de angels is a-watchin'.  
An' yo' mammy's mindin' of you, too.  
—Paul Laurence Dunbar, in Saturday Evening Post.

## Re-United

FOR THE land's sake, pa," called out Mrs. Drusilla Gladden to her husband as he wiped his feet on a piece of carpet at the kitchen door, "I thought you'd never get in. Guess who sent me a letter. You'd never think in a month of Sundays. It's from Devah Bland—my Cousin Devah."

Pa gave a smile of interest and rubbed his hands.

"Well, I swan, now! And what has Devy got to say for himself?"

"He's coming to Ohio to visit. He'll be here next week. What do you think of that?"

Pa pulled off his boots contentedly.

"I won't be sorry to see Devy. We war in school together. What say? Is he doing well?"

"Doing well, but his wife's dead; been dead two year or more. I bet you a great deal, pa, he's on the warpath. And to think Angeline Culver's visiting around here just now, and she's a widder. Pa, it looks like the 'pintin' of Providence, don't it?"

Mrs. Gladden smiled benignly on her husband and he on her. They were in love with each other, and had been for 20 years.

"It truly does," replied pa, "it truly does. Jest think how those two courted over three years, wasn't it? I hold the split was all Angeline's folks' fault, wasn't it? That old man Porter never stayed anywhere and got a streak to move to Indiana. Her ma wouldn't let her stay here, and that made Devy properly mad. They kep' it up awhile writin', then Devy went out farther west and married himself to a stranger woman. After awhile Angeline gets married. First we hears her partner's gone and she's a likely widow, visitin' round. Then we gets a letter sayin' Devy's partner has been departed two years, an' he's comin' visitin'. Now don't that beat all?"

"How plain you've made it, pa," beamed Mrs. Drusilla. "It sounds like them story papers. You ort to have been a writer for one. I often thought that. My, ain't it plum interesting? I don't want to miss none of it, do you? How can we fix it?"

Pa was so appreciative of his wife's praise he tilted back in the rocker and gave the matter solemn thought.

"I kalkilate we kin have all this to ourselves," he began, "ef you kin hold out 'galust mentionin' Devy's comin'. It will be hard work for ye, Drusilla, but it's the only way. Do you think you kin hold that news over prayer meetin' and Sunday? I tell you what," he went on, excitedly, "we can just have the whole thing happen right here, meetin' an' all, if you don't tell."

Mrs. Gladden's pleasant face fell.

"I wonder if it'll be fair not to tell the rest of the folks," she began. "You see, Devy'll be expectin' a big welcome."

Asahel Gladden rose up in his socks. "Drusilla, I have jest set my heart on managin' the whole thing. Don't you disappoint me. I never had so much chance as this in all my mortal life. I always wanted to do sech directin' and managin', and don't you disappoint me."

"What'll folks say when they find we held that news?" asked his wife, much impressed, but giving up as usual.

"They'll say you've come to years of discretion; though I don't want to hurt your feelings, Drusilla. You can take it all out fixin' up the spare room and Marindy's room. It air lucky Angeline hain't been down here yet—another clear 'pintin'. Now hurry up dinner, and write Devy a letter tellin' him he must come right here, an' we won't take no for an answer. I'll hitch up the cutter an' we'll go over to town an' engage Angeline for the whole endurin' week."

The two were as excited as children. The letter had to be strong enough to suit pa, and was the labor of an hour for Mrs. Gladden ere it suited him. Dinner over, they tucked themselves into a green sleigh and drove over to New California.

"We'll stop on the way," said the

small and rosy man. "I feel so anxious to get hold of Angeline."

"Oh, you do?" questioned the wife, demurely. "Well, as our Marindy declares, her pa's younger'n anyone."

Angeline Culver—Angeline Porter that was—was visiting at old Dr. Norman's. She and Sissy Norman had always been close friends. She came out to the sleigh to speak to Mrs. Gladden. She was quite dressy, and had on a pink house sack trimmed with white lace. She had tied a little white fascinator over her brown waves.

"I was 'lowin' to go over to Dennis Daodna's next week," she said, in her soft, comfortable voice, "but if you make a point of it, I guess I can put them off."

Pa Gladden was so anxious that his little feet danced up and down in the snow.

"Oh, we want you real bad next week, Angeline! We been waitin' an' expectin' till we're set on it special. Do say you'll come."

"I believe pa'll burst if you don't come, Angeline," said his wife, "he gets so set on anything."

"Well, I will," assented the widow. "I want to have good times at your house when I was a girl. I never have forgotten them."

Pa went through an expressive pantomime behind her.

"And pa'll fetch you on Sunday afternoon," went on Mrs. Gladden. "If the snow don't stay on he'll fetch you in the buggy."

Afterward Mrs. Gladden declared that pa spent the happiest week of his life getting ready for that couple to be re-united. It never struck his warm and innocent heart that anything could go amiss. He piled up special wood for the parlor, he hovered around the two bedrooms; he actually had his finger in every pie and cake baked. He went to the village store alone once or twice, and after the last visit, wore an air of the deepest mystery.

Mrs. Gladden stood this until the hour of retiring.

"Asahel!" she exclaimed, with a break in her voice, "Asahel, you never had a secret from me in all your life—did you?"

The rosy man looked as guilty as if detected in a crime. He saw her kind eyes, and his voice quavered.

"Never before," he whispered, "but I'm so afraid you can't hold this one



"NOW HURRY UP DINNER AND WRITE DEVY."

over Sunday meetin' I'm bound not to breathe it."

One dry sob brought him to terms. "It air," he whispered, tiptoeing over to her, "it air that I telegraphed to Devy to git here on the Sunday afternoon express."

Mrs. Gladden's attitude toward the world on Sunday morning was the gossip of the neighborhood for weeks. She suddenly assumed an air of funereal dignity, would converse with no one, and stalked silently out after meeting and climbed into the sleigh triumphantly.

"You've done it," whispered her husband, delighted. "I didn't credit you with it."

After dinner the parlor fire was lit, the table spread for company tea, and Pa Gladden wrapped himself up to go for Angeline. He was so happy his wife's heart trembled.

"Pa," she said, "don't you set too much store by it. Devah may have other intentions, and Angeline may not agree."

"Don't you think it," declared pa. "Angeline air a hundred times prettier than she war. Devy air a man; that settles it all. Now do your part. I've told you jest what to say to her. Leave Devy to me. Men understand men."

He brought Angeline and her valises back in an hour. Mrs. Gladden rejoiced in her womanly beauty. She kissed her as tenderly as if she had been a young girl when she helped her in. Angeline's face beamed.

"How nice you've made everything for me!" she cried. "It is like a home-coming." Her face grew thoughtful. "It makes me think of old times—old friends."

"Well, just settle down and make yourself at home," said pa, coming in. "I have to be gone an hour or two. You and ma can have a good old talk."

Awhile later he was stamping off the falling snow on the platform of the station. A tall, bronzed man alighted from the express and pa met him, so eager he almost erid over him as he shook hands.

Alas! Alas! All pa's finesse and

subtle phrases were forgotten. He was as nervous as a woman. Finally he reined in Dolly almost in sight of the house.

"Devy," he quavered, "I always felt so sorrowful 'bout you an' Angeline Porter's break-off. You war so happy together when you war young. Devy, I've got Angeline here. She air a widow; she air a finer woman 'n you could see in a day's travel. It air the desire of my heart to bring you two together."

The man beside him grew pale and gasped, then he wrung the mittened hand.

Good Ma Gladden came out to the sleigh. She, too, had forgotten her part. She had been crying and broke down.

"Please 'scuse Angeline," she said, brokenly, "she is there in the parlor. Don't you want to go in, Devah? I guess you needn't be afear'd."

The tall man strode past her, his own eyes misty. The wedded couple left on the steps were not ashamed to kiss each other with tears and smiles.—The Columbian.

## CHERRIES FOR RHEUMATISM.

A Chicago Fruit Dealer Claims They Are an Infallible Cure for That Affection.

One of the Chicago fruit jobbers, who, by the way, is somewhat of a scientific turn of mind, is quite an advocate of the use of fruits for various ailments flesh is heir to. He recommends cherries for rheumatism. On this subject he advanced the following opinion in the Chicago Chronicle of a recent issue:

"I have never known a person to suffer from rheumatism who ate freely of cherries, and I know of hundreds who have been relieved of attacks by eating them. I have often had cherries ordered two or three months before the season for them opened hereabouts, and to supply the orders have had to send to Cuba and to California for them."

"The ordinary cherry contains an acid which relieves, if it does not effectually cure. Of course, it may all be in the season, and the rheumatism would disappear anyhow, but it is safe to say there is no rheumatism during the cherry season. I don't know of anything healthier, though even the best tasting, thoroughly ripe and perfect cherries start up very fine cases of colic and cholera morbus, which are very annoying. The colored people of the south think, and it may be the same belief exists elsewhere and among others as well, that all the cramp of colic is taken out of the cherry by eating it, swallowing stone and all. That unquestionably was the practice once, but in recent years fears of appendicitis may have changed it somewhat, though for the life of me I cannot understand why it is so dangerous now to swallow apple seed, grape seed or cherry stone, when in old-fashioned times it was the rule to do so, rather than the exception."—California Vineyardist.

Two Playwrights.

Richard Cumberland, the playwright, was extremely jealous of his young rival, Richard Sheridan. It is related that he took his children to see one of the performances of "The School for Scandal," and when they screamed with delight their irritable father pinched them, saying: "What are you laughing at? You should not laugh, my angels; there is nothing to laugh at," adding in an undertone: "Keep still you little dunces." When this was reported to Sheridan, he said: "It was ungrateful of Cumberland to be displeased with his children for laughing at my comedy, for when I went to see his tragedy I laughed from beginning to end!"

Tomb in a Cavern.

On Phillips Fork creek, in Leslie county, Ky., Ephraim Helton, an old soldier, has dug his own grave in a cave 50 feet from the outer surface. He did this by entering and cutting the vault in a rock inside the cave. He has measured it with his own body and made it a perfect fit. He has cut his own tombstone, will build his own coffin and buy his burial clothes, so that no one may be put to any trouble in burying him.—Chicago Journal.

A Rare Map.

The czar of Russia has given order to the Ekaterinburg quarries to prepare a map of France on a large scale for the Paris exposition. In this map the departments will be represented by different tints of jasper. The rivers will be inlaid in platinum, the lakes will be indicated by jewels from the Ural mines. Besides the map there will be exhibited pieces of gold representing in scale the production of gold in the mines of the czar.—N. Y. World.

Royalties and Typewriters.

The queen of England has a great dislike to typewritten communications and does not allow any documents that are supposed to emanate from the sovereign to be sent out typewritten. The czar, on the other hand, has taken a great fancy to the typewriter and is the owner of a machine with type bars of gold and frame set with pearls.

An Indulgent Father.

"Papa," pleaded Miss Frocks, "won't you buy me an automobile?"

"No, my love," replied the indulgent parent. "I am saving my money to buy you a European nobleman, which comes higher."—Town Topics.

## THE HABIT OF PETULANCE.

Ill Health Answerable for Some of It, But It Is Principally Due to Selfishness.

One of the minor faults of humanity is petulance. It is classed as minor because it is an exhibition of ill temper, based upon petty provocation, but it is a major fault, judged by the annoyance it gives. Men arm themselves to resist their dangerous enemies, but are helpless sufferers from gnats and mosquitoes. They resent or receive with fortitude the assaults of bad temper freely exhibited, but they are almost helpless when assaulted by petulance. Ill health is no doubt answerable for a great deal of petulance—its victims are excused on that account—but some of it is due to utter selfishness and to too much indulgence. Some people grow up with an idea that the world was made for them; they are petted and indulged by parents or other relatives until they become utterly selfish and feel perfectly grieved if it should happen to rain on a day they had appointed for a picnic, or if any other quite natural impediment should arise to interrupt their enjoyments of life. Such people are, of course, petulant when they are crossed in any way, though they may be very agreeable as long as they can have their desires gratified. Their agreeable qualities earn for them the indulgence which helps to make them selfish and, therefore, petulant. If the day is excessively warm they do not stop to consider that it is warm for other people as well as for themselves, but complain about the weather, grow exacting and, if at all encouraged, inconvenience their friends or relatives that they may be relieved of the common affliction. They become ill tempered, as all people are inclined to be when rendered uncomfortable by weather conditions, but instead of bearing their ills with fortitude they exhibit their petulance and compel those about them to wait upon and indulge them, if a quarrel is to be avoided.

Petulance which has any other origin than disease should not be allowed to develop into a habit. It is better to resist it in the beginning, however disagreeable the task may be, than to encourage its growth and indulgence. This is only another way of saying that one should not encourage the development of a selfish spirit in those whom one loves. Keeping in mind the evils of a selfish disposition, of which petulance is a manifestation, and that selfishness grows by indulgence, one who is associated with a person at all inclined to consider his own pleasure beyond that of all other people should be resisted when he makes any encroachment upon the rights of others. His petulance should be firmly rebuked instead of being encouraged by indulgence, and he should be made to feel that he is but one of a community entitled to nothing more (or less) than all the other members. His petulance should be resisted not by a counter exhibition of temper, but with such firmness that will give notice that nothing is to be gained by bad humor. The existence of a petulant humor implies the existence of counter indulgence on the part of some intimate who weakly yields to exhibitions of temper, and thus encourages the development of a bad habit. While avoiding petulance in ourselves, therefore, we should be equally on our guard against developing it in others by an excess of good nature. The petulant man or woman should not be indulged in his or her whims, but be made to feel that petulance is self-irritating and gains neither sympathy nor relief.—Baltimore Sun.

Cupid's Wells.

Cupid's wells are little cylinders of stale cake, hollowed out and filled up with a spoonful each of whipped and flavored separated cream (a small-sized pot of this will do for the two dinners quite well); or you may whip the white of an egg or so to a stiff froth with a little strawberry jam, and pile this up in the cakes. French pancakes are cooked in saucers with the ordinary pancake batter, then spread with jam, and served piled one on top of the other. If you work these out you will be astonished to find how inexpensive these recipes are, and I can tell you, from personal experience, that most cooks very soon delight in these little dishes and take a pride in varying them.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Spice Pudding.

Mix one pint of stale breadcrumbs, one cupful of flour, a cupful of brown sugar, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a grated nutmeg and one pound of finely-chopped suet well together; add the grated rind of one lemon. Mix one cupful of stoned raisins with a cupful of carefully-prepared currants and half a pound of shredded citron; flour them and add them to the dry ingredients. Dissolve half a teaspoonful of soda in warm water; add to it half a cupful of molasses; add three eggs well beaten, pour this over the dry material; mix thoroughly, pack into a greased mold and boil continuously for four or five hours.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Forgot Himself.

Employer—You say that your habits are all correct?

Applicant—Yes, sir.

Employer (after a moment's pause)—Do you drink?

Applicant (absent-minded)—Thanks! Don't care if I do.—Ohio State Journal.

## "You Never Miss the Water Till the Well Runs Dry."

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Never Disappoints

## A PHILANTHROPIST.

He Was Going to Get Rich and Get Up Something to Cool the People Off.

"Yes, sir," exclaimed the man with a linen duster and a high-crowned straw hat, "I'm going to do it."

"What are you going to do?" asked the policeman to whom the stranger had addressed himself.

"You know," he went on, without heeding the question, "that the summer months are invariably marked by increased outbreaks of all kinds. Men's angry passions seem to rise with the thermometer."

"What were you threatening just now?" asked the policeman, sternly.

"Threatening?"

"Yes. You said you were going to do something. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to get rich. I'm going to get some steady employment and save up my money and invest it judiciously and get rich. There's no end of good you can do with riches. Rich men are doing a great deal of good now. They establish schools and colleges and libraries and let the people get acquainted with the soothing thoughts of philosophy and the sublimities of science. But in the months of July and August you, as a practical criminologist, have doubtless observed philosophy and science don't work. By the time I have got rich there will be all the colleges and libraries that there will be need of, and I will cap the summit of our civilization with a bequest for a mammoth marble refrigerator in each town, so that when anybody feels his indignation rising he can go there and wander up and down the stately corridors and cool off."

Washington Star.

## HE SOON GOT WELL.

Landing with the Bootjack on the Leader's Nose Had a Beneficial Effect.

It was a sad scene. The old man lay on his bed, and by him sat the faithful wife, holding his worn hand in hers and forcing back the tears to greet his wandering look with a smile. She spoke words of comfort and of hope. But he felt the cold hand falling on him, and he turned his weary eyes up to her pale, wan face.

"Jennie, dear wife, I am going."

"Oh, no, John, not yet—not yet."

"Yes, dear wife," and he closed his eyes; "the end is near. The world grows dark about me. There is a mist around me gathering thicker and thicker, and there, as through a cloud, I hear the music of angels—sweet and sad."

"No, no, John, dear; that isn't angels; that's the brass band at the corner."

"What?" said the dying man. "Have those scoundrels dared to come here when they know I'm dying? Give me my bootjack. I'll let 'em see."

And in a towering rage the old man jumped from his bed and before his wife could think he had opened the window and shooed the bootjack at the band.

"I've hit that fat leader in the nose!" And he went back to bed and got well.—Tit-Bits.

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Every Friday night, at 10:35 p. m., a through Tourist Car for San Francisco, carrying first and second-class passengers, leaves the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Union Passenger Station, Chicago, via Omaha, Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City (with stop-over privileges at Salt Lake City), for all points in Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California.

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## In Technical Terms.

A reporter fell on a slippery pavement the other day. He did not use "unparliamentary language," as some would have done, but hit his lips, rubbed down the bruises, and with a benevolent smile radiating his countenance, remarked:

"We don't cherish any ill will, but for entertaining reading matter commend us to the obituary notice of the man who ought to sweep this pavement."—Tit-Bits.



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# The Cause of Free Silver.

## THE STANDARD HOCUS-POCUS.

Choose Between Scarce Money with Low Prices and More Money with Higher Prices.

Double standard is a misnomer. So also is single standard, monometallism and bimetalism. The word standard presupposes stability, but in federal money there is no stability. By the concurrence of the American government bankers and importers will sometimes in the course of a month or two export many millions of dollars in gold or silver coins which are coined into legal tender money to "provide for the general welfare" of the people, thus destroying the standard of value; and a large consignment of gold from the Klondike or Cripple Creek will inflate prices, making our standard as unstable as the wind. No man can refute Bryan's logical reasoning that "if an influx of gold from the Klondike will make times better for business, more money will make times still better." Suppose that increase of our money is silver or greenback legal tender. "All the same" it makes more money and bigger prices for labor and products, and if we do not promise to redeem them in gold they will not be presented for redemption. Take the silver dollar as example. They are not presented for redemption. Why? Because there is no law for their redemption. Yet they stand at par with gold money which the government so much delights to honor. Let any man take off his political eyeglasses and look at the question logically. Is his interest better subserved by the government promising to redeem his silver money or his greenback money, or to make it a legal tender and compel every other man in our government to take it at the face value from him? The truth is, we have no business with an international agreement on the ratio of weights in our coins, as they are not coined and made a legal tender in any other country but our own. If a man wants to buy goods or pay a debt in Europe he does not send gold money or silver money or paper money, but bills of exchange, and one kind of money will buy as much exchange as another, and the price of the metal in it cuts no figure in the transaction because the money he has is left in this country that created it, and it was intended to serve the people here and should stay here. It is as much of an injustice to "the general welfare" to export gold or silver coins, thus contracting our money and reducing prices of labor and property, as it is to suffer counterfeiters to inflate prices without authority of congress. The Gresham law, cited by Mr. Keeler, is a kind of hocus-pocus in finance. If congress controlled money as it ought to do there would be no money worth more or worth less than another kind, and no basis for the hocus-pocus Gresham law. Congress should make it the same crime to melt or export our money which it had prepared for our use as to counterfeit it and make more. The whole equation of money can be relegated to two equivalents, scarce money and low prices (as per gold standard, for that is the meaning of it), and more money with higher prices (as per free silver and legal tender paper, for that is the object of that). Do you want higher or lower prices? "Choose you which you will," and vote that way.—Mississippi Valley Democrat.

## NOW ONE OF THEM.

Attitude of Carlisle as a Member of the House and as Secretary of the Treasury.

John G. Carlisle, when a member of the house of representatives, declared in a speech delivered in that body that the demonetization of silver was "the most gigantic crime of this or any other age," and that it was a greater calamity than war, pestilence and famine combined. Such was the strong language of Mr. Carlisle before he was taken in and made secretary of the treasury, for the specific purpose of fastening that "gigantic crime" upon the people of the United States. The demonetization of silver created a pretext for the sale of United States bonds. It was while a vast amount of silver was in the treasury in the form of bullion that Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Cleveland met J. Pierpont Morgan and the agent of the Rothschilds in Washington, at the dark hour of midnight, and made a sale of bonds to them, which yielded a clear profit to the parties to the transaction of more than \$8,000,000. The government, of course, lost that amount in the bargain. How this enormous swag was divided may never be known outside of the parties to the infamy. But what has become of Carlisle? Instead of returning to his home in Covington, Ky., when his term of office as secretary of the treasury expired, he went for Wall street, New York, and became the attorney of Morgan and other large money-changers. "Actions speak louder than words."—Los Angeles Herald.

## A MATTER OF COURSE.

Money Power No Longer Carries on Its Work Secretly and by Intrigue and Bribery.

At the recent convention of the American Bankers' association in Cleveland, O., the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "The bankers of the United States most earnestly recommend that the congress of the United States at its next session enact a law to more firmly and unequivocally establish the gold standard in this country, by providing that the gold dollar, which under the existing law is the unit of value, shall be the standard and measure of all values in the United States; and that the obligations of the government and all paper money, including circulating notes of national banks, shall be redeemed in gold coin and that the legal tender notes of the United States, when paid into the treasury, shall not be reissued except upon the deposit of an equivalent amount of gold coin." There was a time when the Rothschild money power carried on its work secretly and by intrigue and bribery. It was at that stage of its progress when it bribed Senator Sherman to secure by stealth and fraud the demonetization of silver in the United States, and he carried out the will of his masters by employing the forces of falsehood, fraud and forgery. If any object to the vigor or explicitness of these terms, let him possess his soul in patience, for a book is now in press that will contain the proof of each of these several charges. But the crime of enslaving the world to the money power has advanced to a point where it can afford occasionally to act in the open, to advance out of ambush and declare plainly what it means. And therefore we have this resolution of the Bankers' association—composed of abject slaves of the money power—boldly published to the world.

It means that at the approaching session of congress the entire influence of the money power, acting under the command of Baron Rothschild, will be exerted to secure the enactment of the infamous Gage-McCleary bill, or something equally as bad. It means that another turn in the death-screw of the gold standard garrote is to be made; that the people's money, silver and greenbacks, is to be destroyed, and government bonds substituted in its place as a basis for additional issues of national bank shipplasters, by which means the people will be forced to pay double interest for the currency that they ought to have free. Interest on the bonds and interest on the money bottomed on the bonds. Double interest concentrating the single standard gold basic money all the more rapidly in the vaults of one family. This is the Rothschild plan.

Meanwhile, as a future protection against anticipated vigorous protests on the part of the cheated and debtenslaved populace, an imperial army of 100,000 roughs and desperadoes has been organized, ostensibly to subdue the Filipinos, but in fact for the suppression of liberty at home. All single standard advocates are monarchists at heart, and monarchy is the pill that is being capsuled for the American people to swallow in the not distant future. Much will depend on the action of congress.—Mississippi Valley Democrat.

## THOSE SILVER DOLLARS.

Why Only 8,000,000 of Them Were Coined in the United States Previous to 1873.

Many people think that because there were but 8,000,000 silver dollars coined in the United States previous to 1873 we were not upon a bimetallic standard. The reason no more silver dollars were coined in the United States was because the ratio of fifteen and one-half to one prevailed at the French mint, which made silver worth \$1.33 an ounce, whereas our ratio of sixteen to one made it worth \$1.29 an ounce. The holder of silver bullion in the United States, at the expenditure of one cent per ounce, could transmit his silver to the French mint and thus make three cents more per ounce than he could make by having it coined into American dollars. Is it any wonder, then, that there were no more silver dollars coined in America than 8,000,000? But during that period the great quantity of silver that we transferred to France was doing duty and service as money in Europe, and was therefore relieving the strain upon gold equally as much as if that silver were in circulation in the United States.—Illinois State Register.

## Object of the Trusts.

Trusts are organized to increase the power and profits of the trusts. Their object is to fleece both the producers of the raw material they manufacture and the consumers of their product. They may reduce prices to consumers while they are driving competitors to the wall. But when their competitors are disposed of they will fleece the people unmercifully.

## Have Advanced Prices.

In every instance where a trust is in absolute control of the markets they have advanced prices to consumers.

## THE HARD, COLD FACTS.

McKinley's Statements Are at Variance with Matters of Record.

In his speeches in defense of his Philippine war Mr. McKinley is giving point to the cynical observation that "history is fiction agreed upon." It is not a pleasant duty to correct misstatements of facts made by the president of the United States, but when a president "takes the stump" he cannot object to that public criticism upon which the people rely to separate truth from error.

In his speech at Fargo, N. D., Mr. McKinley said: "We did not go to war until every effort at peace was exhausted."

If true, this statement would justify the war. Unfortunately it is not true. Did the president offer to the Filipinos, our accepted allies at Manila, the terms and conditions which congress imposed upon the United States and held out to the Cubans when it set about freeing Cuba? Did he assure the Filipinos "That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is completed to leave the government and control of the island to its people?"

Does anybody doubt that if Mr. McKinley had given this assurance to the Filipinos after the capture of Manila there would have been no war? Was not this an "effort for peace" which the president was in duty bound to make?

If he should give this assurance now is there any reason to doubt that it would end the war? The president himself admits that "the leader of the insurgent forces says to the American government: 'You can have peace if you will give us independence.'" Would not such a termination of the trouble be more honorable and just, more in accordance with American principles, than to send an army of 55,000 men to subjugate a people who after all are only fighting for their freedom as our forefathers did?

The cold truth is that, alike in his proclamation of December 27 and in the subsequent proclamation of his commissioners, the president demanded the unconditional surrender and submission of the Filipinos to the "sovereignty" of the United States. Never one "effort" for peace has he made by offering them even autonomy under a protectorate.

But Mr. McKinley said further at Fargo: "The insurgent leader made an attack upon our men, and then our boys let loose."

If this were true it would justify "shooting back." No American worthy the name would suggest—whatever his views of the merits of the main question—that our soldiers should not retaliate. But the official record contradicts the president. His own general—the one and only Otis—in his official report of the opening of hostilities said:

Feb. 4, 1899—Firing upon the Filipinos and the killing of one of them by the Americans, leading to return fire. The chief insurgent leaders did not wish to open hostilities at that time.

Mr. McKinley further says: "We never gave a bribe for peace in all our history, and we never will."

Again, this would be important if true. But the president's peace commissioner, Mr. Schurman, reports that he made a bargain or "treaty" with the sultan of Sulu, agreeing for the sake of peace and to secure the privilege of flying our flag at the seaport to pay the sultan \$250 a month and to nine of his chiefs \$510 a month, in addition to "recognizing" slavery and polygamy in his domains as "established institutions." Was not this a "bribe for peace"—and a very reprehensible and nasty bribe?

Is it not incumbent upon a president of the United States, when he heads a band of political stump speakers, to be particularly and scrupulously exact in his statements?—N. Y. World.

## McKinley's Poor Policy.

Observe how logical the whole Philippine business is—how truly typical it is of republicanism as interpreted by Hanna. The Filipinos, who have resisted our sovereignty are shot down wherever they are to be found. On the other hand, we are to pay the sultan of Sulu an annuity to maintain his own sovereignty, which is hateful and revolting to every American mind—we mean, of course, every American mind which has not fallen under the influence of Hannaism. But observe the beautiful inconsistency of Hannaism. We are upholding our sovereignty in the neighborhood of Manila with sword and gun, shot and shell. In the Sulu group we are paying the sultan to recognize our "sovereignty," while maintaining his own supremacy, and we are enabling him to perpetuate the vile practices of his monarchy, concubinage and slavery. In Luzon the policy is to shoot, while ignoring the rights of man, whereas, when it comes to the Sulu group, it is deemed best to open a "barrel," and thereby sanction and sustain the villainy that is found there.—Atlanta Constitution.

President McKinley says we have already "acquired" the Philippines. Yes, very much as a boy "acquires" a hornet's nest when the angry swarm lights on him in resentment of his policy of "benevolent assimilation."—N. Y. World.

## FACTS FOR FARMERS.

The Democratic Leader Gives Utterance to Some Forelorn Truths.

In his speech at Sigourney, Ia., a few days ago William J. Bryan, speaking to the farmers, said:

"No man who works a farm and toils for his daily bread," said he, "can afford to support the republican party, and no man who lives in town can afford to support the republican party."

"You will sometimes find the commercial classes arraying themselves against the agricultural classes. Prince Bismarck made a speech to the farmers of Germany once. He told them that they must stand together and protect themselves from the tools of a society which produces nothing but laws."

"You can talk to a financier in New York, and he will tell you that a republican convention in 1896 declared that this government should be carried on by a business man, in the interests of business men of the country. You ask what is a business man and find how narrow is the difference. Is a farmer a business man? No; he just works. He begins in the morning and works all day. He is not a business man. The man on the board of trade, who bets on the price of that farmer's wheat—he is the business man. He is the one to be considered in legislation."

"We believe in bimetalism, and it should not take a farmer one minute to decide on which side he stands. A dear dollar means low prices; low prices mean hard times. I never have claimed that I was a precocious child. I never have bragged of how early in life I learned things, yet I can say that I cannot look back to the time when I did not know that when one end of a teeter board was up the other was down. The money question is just the same. When money goes up property goes down."

"The trust question is one you are now thinking about. Until a year ago no republican had ever heard a republican leader defend a trust, but now you hear republicans and republican papers defend trusts. You hear them say there are good trusts and bad trusts, and you must be very careful not to hurt the good trusts. There is a lumber combination in this country. Do you know that lumber has advanced five dollars on a thousand feet? The farmers are not on the inside of this combination."

"One branch of industry after another is being controlled by these great aggregations of wealth. I believe these trusts are antagonistic to every interest of our government. Remember the enormous campaign fund collected from the corporations in 1896. This aggregation of wealth created the republican administration, and the republican party is now directed to obey the commandment 'Remember thy creator in the days of thy youth.'"

"People do not want a big army. They do not want an imperial policy. We cannot excuse ourselves in this expansion question on religious grounds when we go forth to spread the blessings of salvation out of bursting shells. We cannot say that God is in it."

"A republican senator said: 'God opened the door of the Philippines, pushed us in and shut the door.' When a man says that God sent him to notify the world that we are going to cross the ocean to make slaves of people who are fighting for their independence, I think he is mistaken. I state to you as my opinion that when God wishes to speak to the American people He will not choose Mark Hanna for His mouthpiece."

## PARAGRAPHIC POINTERS.

Hanna appears to have shifted the leg-pulling from himself to the federal officeholders.—St. Louis Republic.

Mr. McKinley fails to say anything about opening the mills when he strikes a town whose mills have been closed by a trust.—Omaha World-Herald.

President McKinley will be permitted to wield the trowel, so long as Mark Hanna can pick out the bricks before they are put in place.—Albany Argus.

Senator Hanna says that he is credited with saying a great many things that he did not say. No doubt he has some cause to be worried about it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What President McKinley says of the blessings of American expansion on the American continent is gloriously true. But it has no manner of bearing on American expansion into the eastern hemisphere.—St. Louis Republic.

The republican party has not hesitated to deal with the trusts in the past exactly as the trusts wished to be dealt with, and Mr. McKinley's seat in the white house is evidence of his faithfulness to them.—Kansas City Times.

Over in Ohio republican postmasters are so strongly suspected of tampering with the official mail of the democratic state committee, particularly as to poll sheets of the various counties, that orders have been wired all county chairmen to send important documents by express hereafter.—Wheeling Register.

Cowardice is not strength, and the republican party is not to be envied the possession of advisers who deem it a smart piece of political strategy to leave the currency question open for campaign purposes next year. To party conspirators of this stripe the danger of a panic or the likelihood of a financial upheaval is of minor moment compared with the importance of a political victory.—Detroit Free Press.

President McKinley, in his parting speech at Chicago had something to say about the ship building interests of the United States, and he said "more large ocean steamers are under construction in the United States than ever before," and he dwelt upon the fact that ship plants are being enlarged and new establishments are being projected. Yet Hanna, backing a shipbuilding subsidy, will attempt to force a scheme through congress requiring taxpayers to go down in their pockets and pay in the shape of subsidies millions annually to Hanna's shipping trust. The president and Senator Hanna failed to confer before the Chicago speech.—Nashville American.

## COURT ETIQUETTE.

Some of Its Aburdities as Exhibited at Royal Balls and Concerts.

The distinguished persons who attended the recent state concert at Buckingham palace were required to observe a code of etiquette which has existed at court since the earliest days.

Some of the etiquette in force at royal balls and concerts is very curious. At state balls the appearance of the royal family is announced by the entrance of a number of gentlemen carrying long court sticks. The princess of Wales, when present, heads the party, and, in accordance with precedents established hundreds of years ago, advances with a naive, faltering, hesitating step.

It was at one of the balls in the reign of James I. that the custom originated. That monarch was so pleased at what he called the blending of timidity with childlike confidence that characterized the demeanor of his son's young wife as she entered the ball-room that he decreed that this deportment should be constituted a part of the court etiquette.

The etiquette at royal balls is rather severe. All quadrilles and lancers are expected to be danced in a stately and ceremonious manner, and certain it is that in the earlier part of the evening all concerned comport themselves with inimitable gravity, but as the night grows apace the rule is slightly relaxed.

At the royal concerts, which are attended by persons of superior social position to those invited to the balls, the etiquette is also rigidly enforced, and never deviated from. Some of it presses very hardly even on royalty itself. For instance, royal personages are expected to remain seated throughout the concert, a proceeding they must find extremely irksome, as the gilt chairs used on these occasions are not only very small, but being placed with their backs to the orchestra prevent their occupants from seeing what is going on.

On this point, for some reason not easy to explain, etiquette is more considerate with the guests, who are allowed to walk about, whisper, and even look at the pictures or adjourn to the refreshment-room.

The barrier which on these occasions is introduced to separate the audience from the singers is regarded by the latter with the deepest aversion, as indicating the existence of a social barrier between them.

Naturally a singer like Adelina Patti, with an income of £20,000 a year, considers herself the equal of most of the guests who listen to her. But the bar is always fixed for a state concert, and is not likely to be removed.

One awful breach of etiquette is to ask a question of any royal personage who may condescend to address you. Neither must you make any remark without being first addressed. The person who so far forgets himself or herself as to keep his or her gloves on when spoken to is likely to receive a reprimand from the proper quarter later on, and similar treatment would be meted out to the ill-bred person who dared to quit the royal presence before being formally dismissed.

Curious though it may appear, there is one occasion when to cough becomes a matter of etiquette. Suppose, on the occasion of a state ball, the prince of Wales retires to his smoking-room for a whiff. A royal servant on these occasions is expected to scratch the door, a member of the royal family to shake the handle, but all other persons are enjoined to produce at intervals a gentle, admonitory cough, which is not always audible.

Even royalty itself is not always acquainted with its own customs. When the queen accompanied Louis Philippe to Eton the visitors' book was produced. The French king, as etiquette demanded he should, signed his name at the top of the page. But etiquette intervened, and, as it does not allow her majesty to sign her name under any other, she had to turn over the all but empty page and write her name on the top of the next one.

The ease with which the queen extricated herself from this contretemps so upset the customary self-possession of the duke of Wellington that he signed his name in the book "Weggrington."—London Mail.

## Prince Conqueror.

The birth of a son to the duchess of Aosta, it is said, was a great shock to the princess of Naples, which has increased her every natural grief at her own childlessness. Prince Amedeo, (who by virtue of this childlessness is now in succession to the throne) is a small, fair-haired baby of about a year, with more than the ordinary amount of babyish winning ways. One day the princess met the little chap in a corridor in his nurse's arms. She would have avoided him, as usual, but as she passed with averted head he suddenly held out his fat, dimpled arms, and on the impulse of the moment she took him from the nurse, while her eyes filled with tears. The little fellow laid his lips on each of her lids, stroking her cheek with both hands. She gave a sob, and has ever since been his most devoted slave.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## When Money is Tight.

Money is apt to be tight with the man who spends most of his time in saloons.—Chicago Daily News.



